

wearing their hats in presence of the Court. They appealed to the Court of Common Pleas where the decision of the lower Court was reversed and the great principle of the English Law was established, that it is the right of the jury to judge of the evidence independently of the dictation or direction of the Court.

THE OLD INNS OF CHANCERY.

It is to be hoped that Clifford's Inn, which is to be sold shortly, will not disappear entirely before the operations of the modern builder as Clerkenwell Inn and New Inn and other Inns of Chancery have done. Furnivall's Inn, where Dickens lived until 1837, has been absorbed by a large insurance company, but, fortunately, Barnard's Inn, on the opposite side of Holborn, has provided a dining hall for the Mercers' School, and Staple Inn, almost next door, is preserved with a beautiful rock garden. The dining halls of these Inns are famous for their oak panelling, and some of them for their stained glass windows, containing the arms of the sergeants and the benchers. It was the practice, too, to place the escutcheons of the successive treasurers on the walls.—*The Times*.

Our Georgian ancestors dealt drastically with "lightning strikes," in one case with a comic result.

About 100 years ago Lord Mayor Wood sent a city sugar baker to prison for leaving his work without notice, but humanely omitted to order the man also to be flogged, as the statute prescribed.

When the sugar baker came out of jail he sued Alderman Wood for not conforming with the law, and the jury were compelled to award him some nominal damages for being illegally deprived of his flogging.—*London Chronicle*.

The jury system has now but little hold in this country, according to the Daily Chronicle. The law Courts re-opened with record lists. Yet of 266 defended divorce cases (out of a total of 2,597) only eight are to be tried by juries; of 765 King's Bench cases all but 62 are to be tried by Judges sitting alone.

Police Magistrate to prisoner: "What's your name?"

Prisoner (who stutters): "S-s-s-s-s."

Magistrate (impatiently): "What are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "S-s-s-s-s."

Amicus Curiae: "Soda water, I should think, your Honour."